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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

—*John Bowring.*

THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year, we walk no more together,
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh:
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears.
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mists that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain;
And, in that winter gloom, I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear Old Year, I wronged a Father's kindness:
I would not trust Him with my load of care.
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And, lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer.

Good-bye, kind Year! We walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And, from thy wreath of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

The keynote of Christmas is loving service. About that there can be no difference of opinion. It is one of the happy things in the history of Christianity that a festival has been domesticated in the hearts of the people which accurately represents the central doctrine of the Christian Church.

Loving service is the standard, the ideal, the symbol, of the Christian religion. It expresses the sentiment which must go into all the thoughts and deeds of men in their rela-

as it is my only pleasure in my loneliness. I would enjoy *Good Housekeeping* each month, but do not care for old odd numbers of magazines full of continued stories, as it is such a disappointment not to have all of a story. Thank you, dear friends. Mrs. M. Worden, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

6. Mrs. Mattie Francis, Van Alstyne, Texas, Route 2, sends a grateful letter, and asks for anything in the way of good reading to help her pass the long evenings that otherwise would be very lonely. She would especially like *The World's Work*, 1912, and *The Woman's Home Companion* for the same year, and anything by Harold Bell Wright.

7. I come again, asking for help for our Christmas tree which I have every year for the poor children of my neighborhood,—pictures, cards, magazines, books, illustrated papers, or anything that you may have to spare that will please children and old people. Please help me all you can. There are so many who have no pleasures, and are so glad of even a picture card or an old magazine. I thank you all so much for your help in the past. Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia, R. F. D. 3.

8. I wish to thank all who have been sending me reading matter, and I shall be glad to have them continue to send me reading. I should be very glad to get *The Ladies' Home Journal* for 1913 or 1914. Miss Annie Belle Harris, Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 488.

9. Miss Annie L. Phillips, Pleasant View, Virginia, sends thanks to those who have remembered her in the past, and asks for magazines and any of the illustrated books on birds or animals for children.

10. I used to receive reading matter from the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and enjoyed it so much; but it has been a long time since I have sent in a request. Now I have a boy of fifteen years, a girl of ten, and another boy of six. They enjoy books and magazines so much. My oldest is especially fond of reading. He has read all I have, and goes out in the neighborhood and borrows. I should like very much to receive back numbers of *Modern Priscilla* or any other good magazine on fancy work, or the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and also current numbers of the *Youth's Companion*. And I should like "Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy. Mrs. Ennis Pegram, Wilkesboro, North Carolina.

11. Mary C. Preston, Bristol, Tennessee, R. F. D. 1, would be grateful for reading to help brighten the winter days of an invalid.

12. Please ask the Cheerful Letter Exchange to send me a set of "Rosenthal Practical Linguistics" in Spanish and one in French, a French dictionary, and grammar. The *Cheerful Letter* has been a friend indeed. Mrs. T. J. Philpin, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

13. Charlotte Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, nineteen years old and the eldest of ten children, would like very much to receive suitable reading.

14. Reading is asked for by Mrs. C. W. Tucker, Monroe, North Carolina.

15. Rev. Henry Parsons, Chaplain at the Gloucester Fishermen's Institute, will be very glad of reading, suitable for the men to take out to sea, or for use in their reading room. Address Rev. Henry Parsons, Gloucester, Mass.

16. Mrs. E. A. Abbitt, Appomattox, Virginia, will be glad of *Woman's Home Companion*, *Review of Reviews*, or will be grateful for anything good.

17. Mr. Albert J. Thompson, Dexter, Maine, will appreciate reading.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Christmas Day.

Long, long ago a Little Child
Came to our world to be
A holy gift from God's true Love
To every child like me.
This Little Child of God came down
To show the world a way
To give some joy to *every one*
On Merry Christmas Day.

This Little Child was Jesus, and
He was a Gift from Heaven.
God, make me see exactly why
Your Christmas Gift was given.
God, make me know that *I* should give
Some gifts and Love away.
Help *me* to be a child who makes
A Merry Christmas Day. *Amen.*

—*"Prayers for Little Men and Women," by John Martin.*

THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL.

The principal of a large and famous private school in the South, a school with a national reputation, said to me: "Our difficulties are

multiplied in these days because of the amazing weakness and foolish indulgence of parents. Our girls come to us from a background in which there has been no discipline, and with habits of unpunctuality and inertia which are so firmly established that it is up-hill work to cure them."

I am the last person in the world to urge anything approaching harshness in the home. Homes are not penitentiaries nor reformatories. They are rather gardens in which flowers are trained for fragrance and beauty. If there is indeed such a thing as the passing of parents from the especial province which is theirs by God-given right, it may be readily accounted for.

Many fathers are intensely and almost wholly engrossed in earning enough to meet the demands of our complex life. The cost of living in the simplest of our homes is double and treble what it used to be. Men work to the full extent of their powers: they leave home early and return late, and, as a rule, have the minimum share in forming the characters of their children.

Often they stand to the children for indulgence, freely giving them pocket money and sweets, and seldom interfering with their sports and pastime. Occasionally they are morose and severe, and are dreaded and avoided in consequence by the children, to whom they speak sternly and now and then punish unjustly.

Many mothers, when comfortable, so far as this world's goods are concerned, have so many irons in the fire that the iron labelled "child-training" is pushed aside to the coolest place and is apt to be neglected. Morning and afternoon card-parties interfere sensibly with the mother's care of her growing girl, and her time to spare for her growing boy. The teacher's indictment is commended to the serious consideration of fathers and mothers at this season when the schools are reopening and the children once more are beginning their work for another year.

Is there not apparent a place in our educational scheme for the small, old-fashioned private school which gathers under the charge of a single teacher a few little children and bestows upon them personal attention of a kind which cannot be given in the larger classes of the public school?

I am not speaking of the kindergarten which in itself and for its own occasion is perfect, but of a different school where children between seven and ten may be taught the principles of arithmetic, the elements of geography, and the cardinal points of good manners. In such a school the teacher pays a great deal of attention to reading and spelling, to writing and drawing. Few subjects are introduced, but the drill in each of them is thorough.

There is scarcely a suburban town or village, and there are not many city neighborhoods in the comfortable residential part where a school like this would not meet a felt want. The mother who prefers not to send her Jane or Mary, her Freddie or Tom to a large private or public school eagerly welcomes the opportunity of the little class.

The important thing there, however, is that the teaching, so far as it goes, shall be adapted to each individual and furnish a good basis for building upon later.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DUCKS IN CONNECTICUT.

(Continued from November number.)

CIVIL WAR.

The naturalists had the use of the only local motor boat for their longer excursions, and thereby, through the vagaries of weather, gasolene, and a pilot not always sober, had many adventures. One of these was a trip to an island where an abandoned icehouse was said by the neighbors to be full of the nests of what they called saw-billed ducks. Saw-billed ducks are sheldrake or mergansers, and the story was important if true. A day's trip took them to the abandoned icehouse, but, as they drew near, they saw nothing of the birds. Finally they did spy one male merganser, which alighted near by and kept looking anxiously at the building. But a search of the interior, carried on for a long time, failed to show any nest, until, just as they were about to give it up, one of the party caught a glimpse of something white in a crevice behind many bales of old hay. One bale after another was pulled out, and at last they came upon an American merganser sitting upon her eggs. The bird is said upon good authority to build in holes in trees. Perhaps this one thought she had done so. But most of the nests of the American merganser which were found in this region were in crevices among or under the rocks on the beaches of certain islands.

Through varied adventures by canoe, motorboat, and on foot the two naturalists gathered in the end many eggs of many species of ducks. At their island home Mr. Hersey had set up the incubators and brooders, and there the hatching began. Nor was this work without its excitements. It was found necessary to keep the heat in incubating

within rather narrow limits, especially not to let it get too high. A temperature of 101 to 103 degrees was found to be too hot, and once when the temperature rose to 106 for a time it was found that it had roasted the entire clutch. However, in the end several hundred young birds were successfully hatched and placed in brooders at a temperature of 90 degrees, in yards enclosed with chicken-wire netting. It was soon found that different yards were needed for different species, as putting all together in a flock led to civil war. The coot, for instance, were aggressive and made life uncomfortable for the young ducks of other species. The same trouble was found with the newly hatched grouse, of which they had two species, ruffed and sharp-tailed. These, too, had to be kept in separate pens. In spite of this, however, they had little success with the young grouse, and nearly if not quite all of them died before reaching maturity.

TOO MUCH WET FOR THE DUCKS.

But they had very good success with the young ducks. These were voracious feeders and were fed promptly five times a day. They were great water drinkers, and besides that had to be kept dry. To let them get freely at water was to invite loss. This seems odd to the uninitiated, who has perhaps seen a mother duck leading her day-old offspring to the river and there swimming proudly about with them; but it is, nevertheless, true. The difference is this. The mother duck carefully oils the feathers of her young ones before she leads them into the water, taking this oil from her own oil gland, just as she does for herself. Unfortunately neither incubator nor incubator-tender possesses this gland. Hence, incubator ducks are bedraggled, immediately they touch the water and die if wet too long, not possessing developed oil-glands of their own. In rainy weather the birds had to be shut up in the brooders until it became dry.

The food consisted of "scratch-food," bran, shorts, ants' eggs, hen's eggs, hard boiled, and oatmeal. Mallards, broad-bills, or shovellers, baldpates, and bluebills were easy to raise. Whistlers were hardest. Probably these last needed a diet entirely of insects, as very likely did the young, ruddy ducks. With the ruddy ducks nothing could be done. They ate much, but could not thrive.

In the end several hundred birds reached maturity and were ready for the next move. This consisted in crating them like poultry and shipping them by express to Connecticut. A special arrangement for care and quick service was made with the express company, and Mr. Job travelled with his foundlings, feeding and watching them all through the long journey.

MIGRATIONS BACK TO THEIR NEW HOME.

The birds on reaching Connecticut were liberated on certain preserves, being allowed complete freedom, but fed and protected from disaster as far as possible. In the autumn of last year the birds migrated, as do all wild ducks, and great interest was felt in their return. Would they go back to Manitoba where they were hatched, or return to the preserves in Connecticut whither their foster parents Job and Bent had conducted them? As a matter of fact, 80 per cent. of the birds came back to Connecticut in the spring, it being probable that that represents in a large measure the percentage which survived the winter. The others may be in Manitoba, but it is more likely that they are in Valhalla.

It would seem as if the problem of a supply of canvasbacks and other delectable ducks for Southern New England were in a way to reach solution. And so perhaps it is, though the prospect is not altogether so bright as it looks. So long as eggs are plentiful in Manitoba, money in the pockets of Havemeyer, Rockfeller *et al.*, and men like Bent, Job, and Hersey may be found to incubate the eggs and bring the birds home in safety, there need be no dearth. One disquieting condition remains. The adopted ducks so far have not been known to breed. This is said to be due to the extreme drought from which New England suffered last summer and this. The new home was not sufficiently soggy to duplicate conditions at Lake Winnipegosis. Probably the weather man and the owners of the preserves will remedy this in the future. Very likely wild ducks of many kinds will be more and more numerous in Connecticut because of these experiments so liberally backed by Rockefeller, Havemeyer, and others. Surely we all hope so, and at any rate the experiment is one of great interest to all naturalists and sportsmen.

A MUSEUM'S SERVICE.

The Bristol County Academy of Sciences is a unique institution which has served South-eastern Massachusetts nobly for more than a century, and is a fitting place for a gathering of scientists such as listened to Mr. Bent's story of wild duck propagation. Originally founded as a school in 1792, by David Cobb, a judge and one of the generals on the staff of George Washington, and

others, it was endowed by the State with a portion of the wild lands of Maine. The school began in 1793 and continued to graduate great men without interruption until a few years ago, when, its numbers depleted by the popularity of larger institutions, its doors closed and its career as an academy ended. But its usefulness to Taunton and vicinity was not to end there. Through the efforts of Mr. Bent and others of the trustees the Academy of Sciences was incorporated and now occupies the building with its fine collections of birds, animals, minerals, and plants of both local and general interest, an educational work still, and one of which the locality is justly proud.

The building serves as a museum of natural history. From time to time lectures on topics pertaining to the science are given there to which the general public has free admission. During the spring, each Monday and Wednesday afternoon, by special arrangement with the school superintendent of the city, children from the schools gather in the exhibition hall and listen to a short lecture on birds, and have the exhibits explained to them. The botanical section meets there on the first Wednesday of each month, and during the season many field excursions are taken by members of the society with classes of both adults and children, making first-hand studies of nature in the neighborhood. In this manner the bird club records as collected or seen in the neighborhood of Taunton 211 varieties of birds, out of 225 known to occur in Bristol County. These and many other activities, personal and general, make the Academy still of unique service as an educational centre.

During the meeting of the Federated Societies the hall held several exhibitions of great interest from outside sources. Mr. Bent showed skins of birds of the Manitoba region especially illustrating plumage changes, and a splendid collection of Eskimo curios from both Alaska and Labrador. Mr. J. H. Emerton, the Boston naturalist whose study of spiders has made him famous the world over, showed his fine collection of these, as well as a collection of New England butterflies and grasshoppers. Miss Flora Mason, the botanist, displayed two herbariums, one consisting of specimens of the flora of Bristol County, showing some specimens rare and hardly to be expected in South-eastern Massachusetts, the other a fine series of mounted specimens of the flora of Southern California, all of which attracted attention, not only for their interest as specimens, but also for their skilful preservation and artistic mounting. Indeed, one might say much the same of the whole exhibition. It was skilfully mounted and displayed, with here and there a unique individual touch which made it well worthy the commendation of visiting naturalists from all over New England.—*Winthrop Packard.*

JOAN OF ARC.

(Continued from last number.)

There is a certain kind of religion which can believe in the devil and evil spirits more readily than in the inspiration of God and the angels. Thus, though these judges thought it incredible that Jeanne should have seen Michael and the saints, they deemed it quite probable that she should have intercourse with fairies and evil spirits. They tried to make her say that she had talked with fairies under the Maytree; but she replied that others had declared they had seen them, but for herself she had never seen any.

Jeanne admitted that many people who had the fever visited the Maytree and drank of the neighboring fountain, but she did not know whether they were cured or not. She had heard some old people say they saw fairies under the tree, but whether it was true she did not know.

"Did you not tell the soldiers that you would turn aside the English arrows?"—"I only told them not to be afraid; but many were wounded at my side, and I was wounded myself." They asked her if she had ever been where she saw the English killed. "Who of us has not seen war? But of such sad things let us speak softly and with a low voice." An English nobleman present was touched by the reply, and said, "I would she were an Englishwoman."

"Was it well done to attack Paris on our Lady's Day?"—"It is well to keep the festivals of our Lady: it would be well to keep them every day."

"Do your saints hate the English?"—"They love whatever God loves and hate whatever he hates."

"Does God hate the English?"—"As for God's love and hate for the souls of the English, I know nothing; but I know that he will cause them all to be driven from France except those who die here."

"Jeanne, do you know by revelation whether you will escape?"—"This has nothing to do with your trial. Do you wish me to accuse myself?"

"But have the Voices told you nothing about it?"—"This does not concern the trial. I leave the matter in the Lord's hands."

After all their examinations they made out no case against her as regards sorcery. *That* they were obliged to give up. The only points of any weight were her wearing a man's dress and refusing to submit to the decisions of the Church. To wear a man's dress was contrary to a text in Deuteronomy, the object of which was, no doubt, to promote purity of manners; but her object in wearing this dress was the same. Did they not see that in committing her, a poor chained girl, to be guarded by rude soldiers, they were committing a greater impropriety?

But the real point in the accusation consisted in the conflict between the authority of God, speaking in her heart, and that of the visible Church.

They asked her if she would submit to the decision of the Church as to whether her Voices had told the truth or not, and let the Church decide on all her words and actions. To this she answered, "I love the Church, and would support it with all my power; but, as to my works, I must leave them to the judgment of God, who sent me."

The question being repeated, she replied, with the answer always suggested to a true soul which must believe there can be no discord or variance between truth and truth, "Our Lord and the Church are all one." Then they contrived for her a distinction, in order to induce her to reject the authority of the visible Church.

They told her that there was a distinction between the Church Triumphant above, composed of God and the saints, and the Church Militant below, and asked her to which she submitted. Of course she answered, "To the Church Triumphant."—"And do you refuse to submit to the Church Militant?"—"I will answer no more to-day."

But there were some honest men among the counsellors, who could not bear this. Three of them had the boldness to visit her in prison, and to tell her that the true Church Militant did not consist of her enemies, but of the Pope and the General Councils, and that she might thus take an appeal from her prejudiced judges to the Council of Basle, then about to be convened, and to the Pope. One of them had even the courage to advise her in public, before the tribunal, to submit to the Council of Basle. "What is a General Council?" said she. "It is," said Brother Isambert, "a congregation of the Universal Church, and is composed of your friends as well as of the other party." "Oh! in that case, I submit," said she. "Be silent!" cried the bishop to Isambert, and forbade the notary from writing down her answer. "Alas!" said the poor child, "you write what is against me, but not what is for me."

The question and answer which brought out the absolute opposition between what the Roman Church required and what Jeanne could do is from the record of March 31. The question put to her was this:—

"Will you refer yourself to the judgment of the Church on this earth, for all you have said and done, good or bad? Especially, will you submit to the decision of the Church concerning all the charges made against you for different offences and crimes, and in regard to the whole of the present process?"

She replied: "As to all that is required, I refer myself to the judgment of the Church Militant, provided it commands nothing which I am unable to do, and I consider it impossible to declare that my Voices and Revelations have not come from God. Nothing in the world will make me declare this-Whatever God causes me to do, whatever he commands or shall command, that I must not fail to do for any man alive. It is impossible for me to take back this. In case the Church wishes me to do anything contrary to the commands I have received from God, I never can consent for anything in the world."

Then it was asked, "If the Church Militant declares your Revelations to be illusions or to be diabolical, will you submit to the Church in this matter?"

She answered: "I will submit to God, whose commandments I shall always obey. I know that the matters spoken of in this process have been done by the order of God. Whenever I affirm in this process that I have acted by God's order, I can never deny it. If the Church commands to the contrary, I shall submit to no one in the world, but only to God, whose commands I shall always obey."

"Ought you not to submit to the Church of God on earth,—that is, to the Pope (our Lord), to the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the Church?"—"Yes, I do submit,—provided that God is obeyed first."

Jeanne d'Arc was thus in the same position before this tribunal that Luther was before the Diet of Worms. Her language and his were identical, except that he spoke of the Word of God in Scripture where she spoke of the Voice of God in her soul. Both wished to obey the Church; neither wished to be heretic or schismatic; but to both there was something higher than the Church. This was God, speaking to the soul or speaking in the Scripture. "No man can serve two masters," says Jesus. We may indeed serve

two masters so long as their commands do not differ, but, when the time comes that they demand different things, we must then choose which to obey. The time came to Jeanne when the Church said, "Deny the Voice of God in your heart." The time came to Luther when the Church said, "Deny the Word of God in the Bible." Then both became virtually Protestants, and obeyed the higher law as against the lower one. The girl of Domrémy was a Protestant—before the Reformation.

After the examinations were concluded, the bishop selected twelve articles from what he chose to consider the answers of Jeanne, and sent them to the principal doctors and ecclesiastical tribunals for their opinions. They were so drawn up as to make it impossible for any reply to be given but one which should be condemnatory. The chief point, of course, was her refusal to submit to the tribunal of the Church if it should contradict the Voice of God in her own soul. She was, therefore, really condemned as a Protestant. They also condemned her for wearing men's clothes and for believing in revelations which probably came from evil spirits.

The English were now impatient that she should be burned. About this time she fell sick, and the great Earl of Warwick was much alarmed lest she should die a natural death.

"You must cure her," said he. "The King has bought her. She must be burned! You must not let her die!" This Earl of Warwick was exactly the brave and gallant knight of that age, the perfect gentleman, full of all chivalrous ideas. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, not missing a tournament by the way. He gave a tournament himself at the gates of Calais, challenging the whole chivalry of France. And yet he manifested this rancor against a woman who had so deeply wounded his English pride.

That a girl had so frightened them, driven them half the length of France, taken them in their fortresses, and conquered them in the field,—this was intolerable. Nothing but burning her alive could satisfy the vengeance of English pride thus severely mortified. "In everything else the English can be noble and generous," says Michelet; "not when their national pride is wounded."

This was in Passion Week, and they refused her the sacraments. The object of the Bishop was to make her submit to the Church, and confess that her visions were deceptive. After that he did not care what became of her. He therefore tried all means to induce her to submit, threatening her with torture and fire if she refused, promising her the mercy and protection of the Church if she submitted! But day after day the heroine stood firm. Deprived of the outward consolations of religion, she fed on hidden manna.

"For my *faith*," said she, "I submit to the Church below: for my *acts* I will submit only to the Church of Heaven. I would rather die than revoke what I have done by the Lord's commands."

"But you cannot hear Mass on Good Friday except you submit."—"Our Lord can let me hear it without you."

"Will you submit to the Church Militant?" "Provided it does not command what is impossible."

"Do you not think you ought to obey the Pope and the bishops, and the Universal Church?"—"Yes, our Lord being first obeyed."

"Do your Voices forbid you to submit to the Church Militant?"—"They do not, our Lord being obeyed first."

Finally, on May 24, 1431, they prepared a public display. Two scaffolds were erected. The cardinals, bishops, and doctors seated on one, and Jeanne on the other, with the executioner and priests. The English, assembled in crowds, believed that she was to be burned; but the object of the Bishop was to get a public abjuration from her. She long refused to sign anything, but, being threatened with immediate death by burning if she refused, and being promised pardon and protection if she consented, and being, moreover, exhausted by the long discussions and arguments, she finally agreed to sign a short form of abjuration, in which she submitted to the Church, and confessed that her Voices might have deceived her. Precisely what she abjured cannot be known. It is certain that the abjuration which she signed was very short. She was exhausted by her long struggle, and by the prayers, threats, and instructions. She said at last, "I will submit to the Church." Then they substituted another and much longer form, previously prepared. The English were furious, and began to throw stones at the Bishop. They shouted: "You have not earned the King's money: you are going to let her escape." Warwick said, "Things go badly if she escapes." "Never mind," said the holy man: "we will soon have her again." They pronounced her pardon, which was a sentence of perpetual imprisonment; and then, instead of committing her to the guardianship of the Church, they sent her back to the English prisons.

Having thus made a partial submission

to the Church, she resumed her female dress in obedience to its commands. But it had been arranged that she should not so escape. Having been received by the Church to penitence, and absolved from the excommunication, she had expected to be set at liberty. Erard, the preacher, who had obtained her abjuration, had promised that she should be delivered from prison. As she had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment as a salutary penance "on the bread of grief and water of anguish," she had a right to demand that confinement to be in the prisons of the Church. Several suggested this to the Bishop, and Jeanne said, "Men of the Church, carry me to your prison, so that I shall not be any more in the hands of the English!" But such was not the Bishop's intention. He said, "Take her back to the place where you found her," thus showing himself to be only an accomplice of the English. Insults were offered her in her cell. She was chained as before. Her woman's dress was said by some witnesses to have been taken away during her sleep. At all events, they must purposely have left the man's dress where she could get it; and this was no doubt done to tempt her to put it on again. "Gentlemen," said she, "you know I am forbidden to wear that." But at last, either having no other, or feeling more secure in the soldier's garb, she put it on. Then they cried out, "She is taken." The judges came. They would not listen to her complaints and excuses. "Put me among women," said she, "and I will wear a woman's dress." They proceeded to examine her as follows: "Why have you worn your man's dress?"—"Because it is more proper to wear a man's dress than a woman's when I am among men." She added that she had a right to wear it again, since they had not kept their promises to let her go to Mass and to take off the irons from her limbs.

"You abjured your errors, and promised not to wear the man's dress again."—"I had rather die than be thus chained; but, if you will take off the irons and let me go to Mass, put me in a good prison and let me have a woman with me, I will be good and do what the Church commands."—"*Events and Epochs in Religious History.*"

ST. BERNARD SAVES LIFE OF POINTER.

Through the intelligence and persistency of a St. Bernard dog, the life of a valuable pointer dog was saved recently.

The pointer had been missing for many days. Careful search had failed to locate him.

Pawing at the door of the lady who owned the missing pointer, the St. Bernard was repeatedly driven away. Finally the owner followed the dog, who led her to a piazza of a house near by. She found her pet under the piazza, where he had been locked in. As he was very weak, she is convinced that his life was saved by the devotion of the St. Bernard.—*Boston Journal.*

AT CHRYSTEMESSE TYDE.

Two sorrie Thynges there be—
Ay, three:
A Neste from which ye fledgelings have been taken,
A Lamb forsaken,
A Petal from ye Wilde Rose rudelie shaken—
These are the three.

Of gladde Thynges there may be more—
Ay, four:
A Larke above ye old Neste blithely singing,
A Wilde Rose clinging
In safetie to ye Rock, a Shepherde bringing
A Lambe, found, in his arms, and Chrystemesse
Bells aringing.

—*Anonymous (Old English).*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Drifting of rosy vapors, wafting of wings,
Waking of Earth from the darkness that bound her fast,
And Christmas Day up the pathway of heaven springs,
And light and hope are flooding the world at last.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

In the home of the sinless animals the "Sinless One" was born, and in the manger-bed, between the ass and the ox, He found His rest. Christian art represents the sheep and the lamb surrounding the shepherds as they knelt in adoration before the infant King, and Christ loved and blessed them all.

—*M. L'Abbé Hayes.*

Another year is but another call of God
To do some deed undone and duty we forgot;
To think some wider thought of man and good;
To see and love with kindlier eye and warmer heart,
Until acquainted more with him, and keener-eyed
To sense the need of man, we serve
With larger sacrifice and readier hand our kind.

—*Selected.*

You will enjoy your own Christmas better if you try to make happier the birds and animals about you.

Many Merrie Christmases, Many Happy New Years! Unbroken friendships, great accumulations of cheerful recollections and affections on Earth, and Heaven for us all!

—*Charles Dickens.*

"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister, is the secret of Christmas Day; the secret of all joy, peace, growth, and power."

"The real, precious, and indispensable Christmas present is assurance of the heart's sympathy, friendship, and love."

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous Men.—Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

3, 8, 1, 18, 12, 5, 19 19, 21, 13, 14, 5, 18, a Senator from Massachusetts.

20, 8, 15, 13, 1, 19 2 18, 5, 5, 4, a speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 1, 13 16 6, 18, 25, 5, a Senator from Maine.

20, 8, 15, 13, 1, 19 18 13, 1, 18, 19, 8, 1, 12, 12, a Vice-President of the United States.

3, 8, 1, 18, 12, 5, 19 5, 22, 1, 14, 19 8, 21, 7, 8, 5, 19, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

II.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?

1. The British Cicero.
2. Father Thoughtful.
3. Good Queen Bess.
4. The Father of Angling.
5. The Liberator.

III.

CHRISTMAS PI.

When walking through a palatial store, I saw a beautiful display of *obkos, saaegnmiz* and *cimsu.* "Oh," I said to myself, "those would make lovely Christmas gifts," and I bought some of each.

In the sporting goods department I spied a splendid *efilr,* which was just what Dick had wanted. A *aacemr* and a pair of *tasske* seemed nice for Frieda. A *bleexifl ferly* attracted my notice, but I chose a *hoopaprengh* instead.

Of course Christmas would not be Christmas without *acdny, maegs,* a *oldl* or two, a *murd,* a *rohn,* and a few pretty *radcanels.*

I longed to order home a set of *sruf* for mother, but had to pass that by, and also a fine *onipa* and an *obeimooltu.* But *eist* and *acdefehhiknrs* are always welcome; and to finish off I added to my order a barrelful of *lyloh.*

—*Youth's Companion.*

IV.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Declamatory Weightiness.
2. Thoughtful American Electrician.
3. Loved Animals.
4. Wonderful Historic Perseverance.
5. Sent First Brief Message.

—*Selected.*

V.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they appear?

1. Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert.
2. Florence Dombey.
3. Niell Blane.
4. Mrs. Hubble.
5. Jeanie MacAlpine.
6. Olive Newcome.

Answers to puzzles in November Number.

I. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Boil—T–oil. 2. Call—H–all. 3. Ice—A–ce. 4. Barrow—N–arrow. 5. Bite—K–ite. 6. Table—S–able. 7. Bore—G–ore. 8. Ore—I–re. 9. Wine—V–ine. 10. Ell—I–ll. 11. Bear—N–ear. 12. Bin—G–in. Thanksgiving.

II. DIAMOND.—

R
H I T
R I V E R
T E N
R

III. LITERARY CONTEST.—The Woodfire in No. 3 Rob Roy. David Copperfield. The Boss of Wind River. Richard Carvel. The President's Cabinet. The Panama Gateway. The Pilot through Savage Europe. Through Trackless Labrador.

IV. ANAGRAMS.—Jane Austen, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Julia Ward Howe, Helen Hunt Jackson.

V. TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Wolcott, Bullock, Gardner.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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